1601/492.

THE

ROCKS OF MEILLERIE:

AN EPISTLE

FROM THE

C——N——SS OF D—B—Y

TO THE

D—KE OF D—R—T.

WRITTEN NEAR

THE LAKE OF GENEVA;

WITH

A PREFACE AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

Dic mihi quid feci, niſi non ſapienter amavi?
Crimine te potui demeruiſſe meo;
Unum in me ſcelus eſt, quod te, ſcelerate, recepi;
Sed ſcelus hoc meriti pondus et inſtar habet.

OVID, EPIST. II. L. 30.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. ETHERINGTON, FOR R. FAULDER, NEW BOND STREET.

MDCCLXXX.

1601/492.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 MAR 73

PREFACE.

THIS poetick Epiſtle is indebted for its title to the La Nouvelle Heloiſe of Rouſſeau: The Author of that inimitable romance has painted, in the laſt letter of the quatrieme partie the excurſion of St. Preux and Julie on the lake of Geneva: The moſt intereſting ſpot to which theſe two Lovers are conducted, is the rocks of Meillerie: " Ce " lieu ſolitaire formoit un réduit ſauvage & deſert; mais " plein de ces ſortes de beautés qui ne plaiſent qu'aux " ames ſenſibles, & paroiſſent horribles aux autres: un tor- " rent, formé par la fonte des neiges, rouloit à vingt pas " de nous une eau bourbeuſe, et charioit avec bruit du li- " mon, du ſable, & des pierres: Derriere nous une chaine " de roches inacceſſibles ſeparoit l'eſplanade où nous etions " de cette partie des Alpes qu'on nomme les Glaciers, par- " ce que d'enormes ſommets de glace qui s'accroiſſent inceſ- " ſamment les couvrent depuis le commencement du monde: " Des forets de noirs ſapins nous ombragoient triſtement à " droite: Un grand bois de chêne étoit à gauche au dela du " torrent, & au deſſous de nous cette immenſe plaine " d'eau que le lac forme au ſein des Alpes nous ſéparoit des

" riches côtes du pays de Vaud, dont la cime du majeſtueux " Jura couronnoit le tableau." As my fair Exile reſided lately at Lauſanne, ſo near to this conſecrated ſpot, I availed myſelf of this fortunate incident in order to embelliſh the narration, and to throw an additional glow of poetry over the deſcription. Here I repreſent my heroine as ſeated in a diſconſolate poſture, and addreſſing to her abſent Lover the following Epiſtle. The poem opens with an air of melancholy contemplation ariſing from the nature of the objects, which the place affords. Every Traveller on an appeal to his recollection will be ſenſible, that it is impoſſible to do juſtice to this awful ſcene, for how weak is the utmoſt effort of human language to give an adequate idea of the inexpreſſible beauties of Creation! And the Reader, whoſe eye has never been gratified with the viſual enjoyment of this charming landſcape, may eaſily tranſport his own imagination beyond the faint ſketches of my humble pencil. Of all the phænomena of the Natural World, there are none more ſtupendous than the Glaciers of Switzerland and Savoy: Theſe beds of ice are accumulated between the declivities of mountains, where they ſhoot into figures of a pyramidal and conick form: when I viſited thoſe in the vale of Chamouney in Auguſt 1768, my deſcription of them in a letter to a friend was as follows. " The beſt idea I can " convey to you is by deſiring your imagination to ſuppoſe " a given part of the ocean, when agitated to the greateſt " exceſs of fluctuation, (ſo as to recall to your claſſical " mind

" mind that full image in Homer, of the πολυφλοισβοῖο θαλασσης)
" ſuddenly arreſted, and congealed by the extraordinary in-
" terpoſition of a miraculous power." I have lately had the pleaſure to find, that this delineation is very natural, becauſe this preciſe compariſon has preſented itſelf to other Authors*; all of whom I believe had no communication with each other; at leaſt I can fairly ſpeak for myſelf: The idea therefore is the obvious effect of general reſemblance impreſſed on the human mind, and has no marks of borrowed imitation.

The object of Mount Blanc, to which I have alluded, not only preſents itſelf to the eye of a Spectator in the ſituation of my Heroine, but crowns thoſe very Glaciers of Savoy, to which I more particularly refer: This ſtupendous Mountain is, with great probability, ſuppoſed to be the moſt elevated ſpot, if we except America, on the terreſtrial globe: Its ſummit

* The Author of the Article Glaciers in the Encyclopedie thus expreſſes it: " Il raſſemble a une mer agitée par les vents, dont les flots " auroient été ſubitement ſaiſis par la gelée." And Mr. Coxe in his Sketches of Switzerland lately publiſhed, ſays, " I can no otherwiſe con-
" vey to you an image of this immenſe body of ice, conſiſting of continued
" irregular ridges and deep chaſms, than by reſembling it to a raging ſea,
" that had been inſtantaneouſly frozen in the midſt of a violent ſtorm." (Letter XXII. p. 290.) And in a relation of a journey to the Glaciers in the Dutchy of Savoy, tranſlated from the French of Monſieur Bourrit, London 1776, there is the following Note in page 77: " A ſea violently
" agitated by a ſtorm, and arreſted by a ſevere ſudden froſt, might well
" repreſent the appearance of this Glacier."

has been hitherto inacceſſible, and its comparative altitude with other European Mountains has been lately calculated with great accuracy by Modern Philoſophers *.

THE idea of the continual increaſe of theſe Glaciers, "whoſe rocks for ever grow," is not only a poetical idea, but alſo a philoſophical truth †. "And the torrents roar-"ing down their ſides," actually form ſome of the moſt conſiderable rivers in Europe, as the Rhone, Rhine, Teſin, Adda, Reuſs, which owe their origin to the cataracts of melted ſnow. I myſelf heard one of thoſe "tremendous "Avalanches," I have mentioned; And the expreſſion of "Nature trembling for her ball," will appear hyperbolical

* See Monſieur de Luc ſur les modifications de l'atmoſphere, and Sir George Shuckborough's Obſervations made in Savoy: alſo Coxe's Sketches of Switzerland, Letter XXII. on Mount Blanc.

† According to Monſieur de Luc, as mentioned in the Engliſh tranſlation of Monſieur Bourrit, (page 216.) who ſays, that he was aſſured of this fact by the old People of Chamouney, (page 81.) and in his preliminary diſcourſe he treats of new Glaciers, and the augmentation of old ones, (page 7). Keyſler ſays the ſame in the firſt volume of his travels, (Letter XIX. p. 174.) that the ice mountain of Grindelwald never melts, but increaſes every year on all ſides both in height and circumference. And Rouſſeau in the paſſage before cited, applies to them the expreſſion, qui s'accroiſſent inceſſamment. Mr. Coxe however, contrary to the opinion of theſe Philoſophers, endeavours to prove the occaſional increaſe and diminution of theſe Glaciers, which upon the whole he believes may remain always the ſame. (Letter XXIII. p. 296.)

only

only to thoſe, who never experienced its ſhock, or heard of their devaſtations. Theſe are vaſt detached fragments of ſolid ice, which, as they roll from the eminences of the mountains into the vallies below, thunder with a prodigious noiſe. Their force is irreſiſtible, whole villages are deſtroyed by them, and ſeveral places retain the memorial of ſome memorable cataſtrophe occaſioned by them *.

HAVING thus glanced in a curſory manner over ſome of the objects of this awful ſcene, my Heroine begins to moralize on the obvious political effects, which ſpring from the contraſt of the oppoſite governments of Savoy and pays de Vaud. Here again I am indebted to Rouſſeau for the original hint. " En l'ecartant de nos côtes j'aimois a lui faire " admirer les riches & charmantes rives du pays de Vaud, " ou la quantité des villes, l'innombrable foule du peuple, " les coteaux verdoyans & parés de toutes parts forment un " tableau raviſſant ; où la terre par tout cultivée et par tout " feconde offre au laboureur, au pâtre, au vigneron le fruit

* See the Account of Monſieur Bourrit (p. 86, 87, 88) ; and Mr. Coxe's Sketches (Letter, XVI. p. 202.) who ſays theſe lavanges, as they are called, are ſometimes attended with the moſt fatal conſequences : I believe the Author has miſtaken the word (though in other reſpects his book is extremely accurate) for it ought to be avalanges, which the French Dictionary defines, chute des neiges detachées des montagnes : I might have called them avalanges perhaps as well as avalanches, but I have followed the Engliſh term adopted by the tranſlators of Bourrit, Meſſrs. Davy.

" aſſuré

" aſſuré de leurs peines, que ne devore point l'avide publi-
" cain. Puis lui montrant le Chablais ſur la côte oppoſée,
" pays non moins favoriſé de la nature, & qui n'offre pour-
" tant qu'un ſpectacle de miſere, je lui faiſois ſenſiblement
" diſtinguer les differens effets de deux gouvernmens, pour la
" richeſſe, le nombre & le bonheur des hommes: C'eſt
" ainſi, lui diſois-je, que la terre ouvre ſon ſein fertile &
" prodigue ſes treſors aux heureux peuples qui la cultivent
" pour eux-memes: elle ſemble ſourire & s'animer au doux
" ſpectacle de la liberté; elle aime a nourrir des hommes:
" Au contraire les triſtes mazures, la bruyere & les ronces,
" qui couvrent une terre à demi-deſerte, annoncent de loin
" qu'un maître abſent y domine, & qu'elle donne à regret
" a des eſclaves quelques maigres productions dont ils ne
" profitent pas." (La Nouvelle Heloiſe, tom. II. par. IV.
Lett. XVII. p. 349.)

From this contraſt there ariſes an idea, which connects the ſcenery with the ſubject matter of the Epiſtle, and the Muſe of elegy is invoked to furniſh a ſtrain adapted to the diſpoſition of the Speaker, and compared with that melancholy but delicious ſenſation, which the Swiſs Peaſant experiences from hearing the tune of the Rens des Vaches in a foreign Country. This occaſions the heimwech, or home-ſickneſs, as it is called: and Keyſler* informs us, that inſtances are

* Travels, (vol. I. Letter XIX. p. 174.) The Notes are to be found in the third volume of the Breſlaw Miſcellany. Mr. Coxe heard it, and has not

not wanting, on the recruits for the Swiſs regiments piping or ſinging the cow-brawl, a common tune among the Alpine Boors, where the old Soldiers have been ſeized with ſuch paſſionate longings after their country, as have produced laſſitudes, palpitations, and ſlow hectick fevers, ſo that to prevent deſertion, the ſinging or piping of this tune has been ſuppreſſed.

Pur è ſoave coſa, a chi del tutto
Non è privo di ſenſo, il patrio nido ;
Che diè natura al naſcimento umano
Un non ſò che di non inteſo affetto,
Che ſempre vive, è non invecchia mai.

Guarini Paſtor Fido, A. 5. S. 1.

THESE Obſervations, which extend only to the firſt forty-four lines of the poem, are here thrown together, that the Reader may be prepared for the outſet of it, and not be interrupted by too frequent a repetition of detached notes. The ſubſequent alluſions, which relate to Britiſh Characters and domeſtick facts, will be more obvious to general recollection, and under their reſpective paſſages will be illuſtrated by occaſional remarks. In order to produce an intereſting effect, I have endeavoured to avail myſelf of every little hiſtorical

given an acconnt of it (Letter XXVI. p. 328.), where he ſays, that it has often produced a ſettled melancholy.

anecdote

anecdote ſo connected with my ſubject, as might tend to adorn it; and the Publick muſt now determine, whether I have been fortunate in my choice. The nature of an Epiſtle does not permit the Poet to wanton in deſcription, which ought always to be ſubordinate to the main deſign; and it may be defined a continued ſpeech addreſſing an abſent perſon by an animated apoſtrophe: The ſentiments, though ſublime, ought to be natural; The expreſſion, though often enriched by metaphor, ſhould be conciſe; and where it is the language of paſſion, it ſhould be interrupted by thoſe broken ſtarts, fine tranſitions, and delicate revolution of ideas, which require a very able Dramatick Artiſt to touch with any great ſucceſs: He muſt feel with pathos, and muſt write with elegance; his mind and his pen muſt be in uniſon; though he may think as an accompliſhed Man, he muſt ſpeak as a refined Woman, if he ventures to introduce ſuch an Heroine. Whatever key he ſtrikes, it muſt be in a curſory manner, and with a maſterly rapidity, in order to arreſt the attention of the Reader; who requires to be tranſported into admiration, and then again melted into tenderneſs: Here is no leiſure for the cold reflection of criticiſm: and the performance is too ſhort not to demand enthuſiaſm. In this Epiſtle I have endeavoured to intereſt the paſſions, and the effect intended to be produced is not only eminently moral, but aſpires to elevate the mind with a certain religious horror. If there are any ſentiments advanced by the Heroine, which ſpring from her ſituation, and derive their colour from the

effuſion

effuſion of fancy, they are immediately corrected by the return of the ſentence, or properly guarded by the general effect, if it is eſtimated from the contemplation of the whole, and not from the partial tendency of a few detached lines: This ought to be in my opinion the fair ſtandard by which Poets ſhould be tried; for I am aware of the objections which have been made to ſome animated ſelect paſſages in great Authors, becauſe the corrupt imagination of the Reader adheres to them only, or becauſe his own uninſpired ſoul is incapable of reliſhing the innocent excurſions of a lively Muſe. Every ſubject, however delicate, is capable of being treated with a conſcientious regard to moral decorum; and every Author, who values his own character, will remember the ſacred nature of this obligation: At the ſame time the Reader ought to ſubſcribe to this excellent rule of the immortal Rouſſeau: Je n'ai point, pour moi, d'autre maniere de juger de mes lectures, que de ſonder les diſpoſitions où elles laiſſent mon ame, & j'imagine à peine quelle ſorte de bonté peut avoir un livre qui ne porte point ſes lecteurs au bien *.

* La Nouvelle Heloiſe (Tom. I. Par. 2. Lett. 18)

THE

ROCKS OF MEILLERIE:

AN EPISTLE.

HAIL Rocks of Meillerie's romantick ſcene,
Where frolicks Nature in her wildeſt mien!
Where freeborn Fancy lifts th' aſpiring eye,
And darts the orb to its congenial ſky.
Here let me pauſe; and from this nodding brow
Around ſurvey the fairy world below.
How the ſtern landſcape frowns upon my ſoul,
And bids Religion ev'ry wave controul!
Tremendous atoms fearfully combin'd
To ſwell with ecſtaſy the raviſh'd mind!
Lo! where Mount Blanc his ſilver columns rears,
And crowns with glitt'ring ice th' aſtoniſh'd ſpheres!
Ye unſunn'd Vallies of eternal ſnow,
Whoſe deep-imboſom'd rocks for ever grow;
Where ſeas of Alps on ſeas of Alps ariſe,
Till chryſtal pyramids aſſail the ſkies!

Hark! how the torrents roaring down your ſides
Burſt their free way, and roll their furious tides!
Hear! how tremendous Avalanches fall,
While Nature trembles for her tott'ring ball!
There on devoted Chablais' barren plain
See Deſpotiſm chill with icy reign!
Thin ſhiv'ring Peaſants ſigh their midnight tale,
While thee, loſt Liberty, their tears bewail.
Far from this painful ſcene, ye aking eyes,
Retire a while, and view yon golden ſkies
Beyond this argent lake, whoſe parting waves
Indignant * Rhone with lordly ſpirit laves,
Where tow'ring Jura, Monarch of the plain,
Bids Nature's Heirs their inborn rights maintain.
Hail happy Fields by genial Freedom made!
Here ſmiles the vineyard, and here nods the blade.
Here cluſt'ring Infants climb their parent cell;
Here Liberty and Love embracing dwell!
Oh! envied ſcenes! which through each thrilling vein
Dart to my panting breaſt its wonted pain.
Come plaintive Muſe of Elegy repair,
And ſtrike a ſolemn ſympathetick air!

* *Indignant.*] The epithet of Indignant has a ſingular propriety from the fabulous error, that this river paſſes through the Lake of Geneva without condeſcending to incorporate its ſtream.

Such

Such as attun'd to heartfelt woes like mine,
May breathe the deep-ton'd melancholy line:
Such as the Wanderer feels, if once he hears
That dear-lov'd ditty ſteal his patriot tears;
Whoſe warbling ſigh recalls the Burgher home,
Nor from his native cot allows to roam:
Eliza calls, the loſt Eliza calls,
And to yon pine-capt mountains ecchoing falls
Proclaims her D—r—t's name: Ah! fatal name,
Which Modeſty reveals, and glows with ſhame!
Ye conſcious bluſhes, that o'erveil my cheek,
Ye falt'ring murmurs, which my accents break,
Ye piteous ſighs, that burſt my matron heart,
One moment's reſpite, all I aſk, impart!
Till my fond Muſe on Zephyr's trembling wing
Vibrate to D—r—t's ear her ſounding ſtring.
Say lovely Tyrant of my guilty breaſt,
Can thy falſe ſoul repoſe with Halcyon reſt?
While poor Eliza, wretched wanderer, feels
Thoſe pangs of conſcience which no balſam heals.
Oh! what a monſter is deceitful Man!
E'er ſince the circling orb of Time began,
With wanton cruelty he lures his prey;
Then ſmiles the trembling victim to betray.
Oh, ill-ſtarr'd Woman! (Deſtiny ſevere!)
From thy firſt dawn of life thou Slave of Fear!

By cuſtoms fetter'd of uſurping Law,
Where one frail ſigh entails an endleſs flaw:
Where Hymen rivets his eternal chain,
And Fame, once loſt, no Female can regain.
Yet why Eliza dar'ſt thou to complain?
Wert thou not miſtreſs of thy am'rous Swain?
Did not thy freeborn will in Britain's land
Accept the bridal ring from S—n—y's hand?
No Eaſtern Vizir with reſiſtleſs ſway
Forced the poor panting Pris'ner to obey;
No Tyrant Sultan, arm'd with brutal power
Dragg'd the Circaſſian to his Haram's bower:
Daughter of Albion! no fell decree
Of curs'd Seraglio e'er could conquer thee.
Witneſs ye Gods, how bleſt Louiſa's * voice
Diſdain'd the loathſome Monſter † of my choice!

O Noble

* *Louiſa's.*] This paſſage was written, before Lady Louiſa F—z—k was married to the Earl of S—l—ne: the Author has therefore an undoubted right to the liberty of the expreſſion. As it is founded on a real anecdote, the application is too perſonal to transfer the contraſt to any other character; and every Reader of taſte will feel, how the beauty of the lines would vaniſh, if he ſubſtitute Matron inſtead of Virgin: As it now ſtands, though it may ſuffer in one reſpect from the alteration of circumſtances, yet it acquires an additional propriety from another, ſince the poetical prophecy is fulfilled: The amiable Lady has ſtamped a ſanction on it by accepting a Nobleman of the moſt accompliſhed character in the

O Noble Virgin, whoſe unconquer'd mind
E'en love in wedlock is reſolv'd to find!
Who rival Suitors at thy throne can ſee,
Yet unaſſail'd by Vanity riſe free:
Who Fortune, Titles, Honours, all eſteem
An air-blown bubble, or a fairy dream:
Who ne'er wilt ſtoop to Hymen's awful vow,
Till thy fond boſom feel a mutual glow:
Till to complete the joys of Heaven in ſtore
The Lover in the Huſband you adore.

the kingdom, and one of the few Diſcerners in the preſent age of diſtinguiſhed merit. Lord S—l—ne is the Friend of Philoſophy, and the Patron of Genius; he is perhaps the only Peer who feels the importance of attaching to himſelf Men of exalted talents. His borough of C—l—e is better repreſented than any other by B—r—é and D—n—g, and his table more adorned by Pr—ce and P—ſtl—y.

† *Loathſome Monſter.*] The Reader is here deſired to apply theſe words, as the ſentiments of the Heroine and not of the Author: the noble Lord, to whom it alludes, may probably poſſeſs reſpectable qualities, which intitle him to the eſtimation of his Country and his Friends; As no perſonal ſatire is here intended, this juſtification is his Lordſhip's right. The expreſſion of "loathſome monſter" was originally ſoftened into "hated object," but the former is the natural language of an incenſed Female. Should the Peer be angry for the compariſon between him and his Rival in reſpect to perſonal beauty in the mouth of a woman, the Author of this Epiſtle will not condeſcend to make any apology to gratify the little vanity of a puny mind: The worſt of all poſſible criterions to eſtimate Men is female caprice.

Why

Why had not I that majeſty of ſoul
Preſuming Coxcombs Emp'reſs to controul?
Why did my eaſy melting heart comply,
And check recoiling Nature's riſing ſigh?
For know, my D—r—t, on that fatal day,
When to the Oaks I led the feſtive way,
When Art each portal op'd of golden view,
And ev'ry Muſe her wanton garland threw,
When Pleaſure's ſtreaming banners wav'd in air,
And rival Nymphs hail'd me Triumphant Fair;
When the deluded Mob of Faſhion's crew
Reflected phantoms from my mirror drew,
E'en then, let dire Remorſe the truth impart,
I gave to D—r—y, what was D—r—t's heart;
Oh! curs'd exchange! Oh! viſionary bliſs!
For freeborn Love to barter Hymen's kiſs.
When bleeding Victims to the altars fly,
And falſe lips utter, what fond breaſts deny,
When Prieſts, in ſolemn mockery, for ever
Unite the bodies, while their ſouls diſſever,
Can Law of baſer perjury complain,
Or Proſtitution throw a deeper ſtain?
Hear, Parents, hear! and, if your boſoms know
One pang of Nature for your Heirs below,
Weep o'er thoſe wretched Virgins, madly led
Slaves to a couch, miſcall'd the nuptial bed.

Why

Why was I born with H—l—n's high name,
Why from my cradle curs'd a child of fame?
O dire Prerogative, whoſe noble blood,
Like thine, Eliza, rolls its ancient flood,
Too high! too proud! too royal* to be free!
Peaſants behold your wrongs reveng'd in me!
To you, to you I call, whoſe ſtraw-built ſhed
Rocks o'er its lowly tenant's ſhudd'ring head;
No fretted Cares your ſimple roofs annoy,
But ſweet Content blooms there with Cherub Joy:
Each Partner pants his Partner's breaſt to twine,
Each Elm to claſp his voluntary vine.
Had I with you in infant frolicks play'd,
And yon poor Cottage-Matron rear'd the Maid,
No village-D—r—y then had idly preſt
To ſteal the empire of this ruſtick breaſt;
But ſome ſweet Shepherd, D—r—t of the plain,
Had ſigh'd his welcome love, nor ſigh'd in vain.
Fo r haply on ſome jolly feſtal day,
When *native* Fête Champètres † charm'd our May,

When

* This epithet may either allude to the mode of marriage prevailing in Europe among the different potentates, or to the near connexion of the noble family of H—l—n with the ancient Kings of Scotland.

† If this poem ſhould deſcend to Poſterity, the Reader will have occaſion to be informed, that an entertainment under this Frenchified title

When hamlet-lovers in yon hawthorn dale
To ruſſet Nymphs whiſper'd their amorous tale,
Whoſe wavy ringlets * o'er their ſhoulders play'd,
While Nature's toilet deck'd each artleſs Maid,
The Savoy-Vicar † in connubial bands,
Our ſouls firſt knit, had lock'd our willing hands,
In ſacred union bound for ever true,
Then had I liv'd a faithful Spouſe to you;
A faithful Spouſe my D—r—t had remain'd,
Nor rival Arm—d ‡ had my Partner ſtain'd;

was given on the 9th of June 1774 at the Oaks, (a villa near Epſom in Surrey before mentioned in line 95) by Lord S—n—y, then a lover, in honour of his approaching nuptials with the Heroine of this epiſtle: To this were the principal Nobility of England invited to partake of the moſt coſtly feaſt, which was ever diſplayed in this country on a private occaſion; for wealth poured her thouſands, and Luxury exhauſted her ſtores. All the trees were adorned with feſtoons of flowers; the Company repreſented Arcadians in fancy-dreſſes; and an octagon Hall with an Ionick Portico ſupported by tranſparent columns was erected on the occaſion. It ſo much engaged the attention of the Metropolis, that a Dramatick Entertainment of five Acts entitled, the Maid of the Oaks, was performed the enſuing ſeaſon on Drury Lane Theatre, whoſe Muſick and Decorations were borrowed from it.

* This poetical image exactly repreſents the dreſs of the female Peaſants near Lauſanne.

† A particular alluſion is deſigned by this expreſſion to the character in the Emile of Rouſſeau of the Vicaire Savoyard. (Tom. 3.)

‡ A Miſtreſs of the Earl of D—r—y, &c.

But

But each poſſeſſing and by each poſſeſt,
Hymen had ſeal'd his empire in our breaſt:
For ever we had grac'd each other's ſide,
And, as together liv'd, together died.
Oh! fond ideal ſcene of ſocial Joy,
Which low-born Nymphs with Shepherd Swains enjoy,
Thou never to this care-craz'd heart of mine
Shalt whiſper balmy peace, or call me thine!
No; I ſhall wander in this vale below,
The lonely Conſort of diſtemper'd Woe:
Come, Sorrow, feed on this vermilion cheek,
And in my breaſt, Remorſe, your vigils ſeek!
Here Conſcience, Emp'reſs of the world unſeen,
Plant all your thorns, and dart your daggers keen!
Here, Melancholy, beat your duſky wings,
Here vengeful Furies ſtrike your ſcorpion ſtings!
I'll bear it all, for I've deſerv'd it all,
Eternal Ruler of this trembling ball!
Ah! poor Eliza, ceaſe theſe ſtreaming tears!
On him repoſe, who heals all mortal fears!
Who to the tortur'd ſoul inſpires the balm;
Whoſe voice this dreadful tempeſt can becalm;
Who tempers juſtice with that ſweet decree,
Which whiſp'ring Mercy now invokes for me.
Come Angel-Spirit robed in ſky-born blue,
Whoſe ſapphire-wings ſhed pearls of ſilver dew.

Drop the rich fragrance of thy balſam-ſhower,
And with its charm revive the dying flower!
Methinks I feel the ſacred Zephyr blow,
While Hope diſpels the dark'ning cloud of woe;
Sweet as the gale from Araby the bleſt,
When ſpicy winds involve the travell'd gueſt;
Soft as the voice of that awak'ning lyre,
Which opes the eyelids of the ſleeping quire.
Here on this pendent cliff alone reclin'd
Eliza warbles to the ecchoing wind;
While to her ſighs reſounds that ſacred pine,
Which wears, O Rouſſeau, thy immortal line,
Here the wild Lover rapt in conſtant trance
Darted from Morn to Eve his am'rous glance;
On this rude tablet oft aſpir'd to trace
The magick wonders of his Pupil's face;
While artleſs pebbles lent their native aid
To form the outline of the ſculptur'd Maid:
Here carv'd* in many a bark thy Julie's name
Records the Tutor of her guilty flame;
And here engrav'd on this hiſtorick tree
My D—r—t ſhall proclaim more guilty me:

* Alors ſans attendre ſa reponſe, je la conduiſis vers le rocher & lui montrai ſon chiffre gravè dans mille endroits, & pluſieurs vers du Petrarque & du Taſſe relatifs à la ſituation où j'étois en les traçant. Nouvelle Heloiſe (Tom. II. Par. 4. Lettre 17. P. 355.) Voyez l'Eſtampe, & l'inſcription de la 8e Planche, Les monumens des anciennes amours.

For

For thy too feeling heart, O melting Maid,
To Nature's genial ſigh the tribute paid:
No ſolemn vow had lock'd thy ſacred fame;
No Prieſt had ſanctified the wedded dame:
One venial fault the gen'rous Miſtreſs knew;
The Virgin yielded, but the Spouſe was true:
All gracious Heav'n the ſweet atonement ſaw
And human Virtues half-redeem'd thy flaw.
But Oh! what blacker guilt envenoms me!
Chaſte was the Damſel, and the Matron free:
Eternal Horrors! where can Sinners fly?
For crimes like mine what hecatombs ſupply?
Can Pray'r be wafted on its Seraph wing,
Or ſweet Repentance ſoothe Great Nature's King?
Can clouds of incenſe pierce the op'ning ſkies?
Eliza, no: thy dear Redeemer dies:
Oh dawning ray to my benighted ſoul!
The lov'd idea ſhall my life controul;
Each thought ſhall cheriſh, and each wiſh refine,
While Hope ſhall wed me to his hallow'd ſhrine.
Farewell, O treach'rous Faſhion, thy relief;
Avaunt, ye idle Friends, who flatter grief:
Alas! what comfort can Eliza know!
How vain the balſam from another's woe!
Yet ſee; they vaniſh all: Ah! faithleſs crew
Ye leave the ſtricken deer with death in view!

But where's my Lover? is my D—r—t fled
The dear Deſerter of my injur'd bed?
Can he be falſe the Author of my fall?
Can he betray, for whom I've ruin'd all?
Periſh the thought, which fires the frantick brain,
And racks with agony each tortur'd vein!
See where the dreadful cliff's impending brow
Invites my eye to ſtem the waves below!
O ſweet Leucate* for a Wretch like me
Daſh my poor brains againſt thy ſtormy ſea!
Yet hold, a moment hold! Eliza think
What Horror quivers on this awful brink!
My laſt! my deareſt! my laſt deareſt child†!
My laſt! Oh! Heavens! am I frantick wild?
Yes, I am frantick wild! come tears of woe,
Ye burſting veſſels bid your ſluices flow.
Never oh! never can I ſuffer thee,
My pretty Innocent, to pine for me.

* Je n'ai plus qu'un mot à vous dire, ô Julie! vous connoiſſez l'antique uſage du rocher de Leucate, dernier refuge de tant d'amans malheureux: Ce lieu-ci reſſemble à bien des egards: La roche eſt eſcarpée, l'eau eſt profonde, & je ſuis au deſeſpoir.

La Nouvelle Heloiſe, Tom. I. Par. 1. Lettre 26.

† The Heroine of this Epiſtle was delivered of a female Child during her reſidence at Lauſanne.

Thy

Thy infant cries demand a Mother's tear,
An Outcaſt thou art born, an Exile here!
If I bereave thee of my parent aid,
What tender hand will rear the Orphan Maid?
When from the ſtem ah! torn the flower lies,
It ſickens, languiſhes, and fading dies;
Be it my care to nurſe the lovely plant,
And, O relenting Heaven, this pray'r grant!
" May ſhe the chaſteſt path of life purſue,
" Be bleſt, as virtuous, and as fair, be true!"
And, O thou tuneful Bard, whoſe Muſe ſhall dare,
To weep in Elegy the Britiſh Fair,
When thy ſweet melting notes aſpire to tell
The ſoft ſenſations we can feel too well,
If poor Eliza ſhould adorn thy theme,
And Fame ſhould waft her down her endleſs ſtream,
Oh with a Lover's pangs record her woe,
For thoſe can pardon beſt, who beſt can glow.

HENCE O ye riſing Nymphs of Albion's Iſle,
Whoſe beauty bloſſoms, and whoſe roſes ſmile,
Ye Lauras and Horatias of the hour,
Warn'd by my fate, behold my fall'n power!
And thou Auguſta, lovelieſt Siſter, ſhun
Thoſe paths the careleſs Charmer oft has run!

Lo!

Lo! where the bright example towers in view,
At once your Sov'reign, and your Miſtreſs too:
From royal Charlotte point your nobleſt aim
Of female Happineſs, and female Fame!
In her relucent mirror all is fair,
No ſpeck e'en Calumny diſcovers there:
No oppoſition to her throne is ſeen;
All Britons equally adore their Queen:
Applauding Heav'n on earth its bleſſings ſhowers,
While many a bloſſom round the Parent flowers.

THE END

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